three Europeans. Between us and the tall side of the ship, on the rough sunlit planking of the quay, stood a hearse. A ramshackle venerable thing of black paint, heavy hangings and tarnished gilt after the French extravagant pattern, it offended the soft blue skies, the warm genial sunny air. Two rough-coated, deplorable brown ponies drew it and a youth on the box smoked a cigarette. We waited interminably. A Chinese on board struck up a Chinese fiddle, and the passengers spat over the sides and threw down endless cigarette ends. High on the first-class deck the British skipper leaned genially over the rail. A junior English officer was at the head of the gangway, with two Chinese in a like uniform.

The coffin came up at last from the bowels of the ship, borne by four Tahitian labourers. The Chinese passengers glanced indifferently at it and spat again. The Chinese fiddle continued to twang. But as the bearers hove in sight the Eng-

lish officers bared their heads and we saw that they had covered the body with the ship's Chinese Republican flag. It was pushed into the hearse, the undertaker climbed to the box, the flag was